READY YET, CAIRO?
IN A MOMENT, STEVE!
In a Miami hotel...
VERY DE-LOVELY, GLAMOR-PUSS! YOU SURE LOOKED PEAKED WHEN YOU WERE CHASING YOUR WAR CRIMINAL EX-HUSBAND ALL OVER THE MAP! BUT NOW--
YOU WERE A PRETTY FIZZLED FIRE CRACKER YOURSELF, STEVE!
THIS VACATION'S BEEN SWELL FOR BOTH OF US! BUT WHEN DO WE GET BACK TO HEADLINE HUNTING AGAIN?
AFTER TONIGHT, CAIRO! LET'S HIT THE CLUB CARLOTTA --THE FIRST STOP IN AN EVENING YOU'LL NEVER FORGET!
At that moment, in the next room...
TO THINK THAT I, HAROLD HEARTBURNE -- "AMERICA'S HEARTHROB" -- SHOULD NOW HAVE TO PLAY SECOND FIDDLE TO UPSTARTS LIKE VAN JOHNSON AND THAT FELLOW SINATRA! DO YOU THINK I LOOK OLD, BUBBLES?
WELL, HAROLD, YOU AIN'T EXACTLY IN MARGARET O'BRIEN'S CLASS!
MAYBE -- BUT I CAN STILL START A SWOON WAVE WITH THE BEST OF 'EM -- AND YOU'RE GOING TO HELP ME PROVE IT! ... I'M MEETING HERMAN B. THAYER, THE PRODUCER, AT THE CLUB CARLOTTA TONIGHT --
YOU'D LIKE THE LEAD IN HIS NEW "CUPID'S CAPERS," WOULDN'T CHA?
EXACTLY! AT TEN O'CLOCK YOU'LL GO TO THE POWDER ROOM THERE.... AS YOU COME OUT, YOU'LL BE -- AH -- ANNOYED BY A MUG NAMED SAMMY! HE'LL KNOW YOU BY MY DESCRIPTION! AND WHEN YOU CRY OUT --
HAROLD HEARTBURNE TO THE RESCUE! YOU IMPRESS MR. THAYER, MAKE YOUR COMEBACK, AND GET ME A HOLLYWOOD JOB! ... IT'S A DEAL!
Later...
THIS IS THE LIFE, STEVE! SO FAR, EVERY MINUTE'S BEEN PERFECT!
SORRY I'LL HAVE TO BREAK IT UP, CAIRO, WHILE I PHONE MY EDITOR IN NEW YORK! I PROMISED I'D KEEP IN TOUCH! BE BACK PRONTO!
WHILE STEVE IS PHONING, I'LL FRESHEN UP A BIT AND --
HEY!
I DIDN'T THINK I'D REACHED THE POINT WHERE I WAS SEEIN' DOUBLE... YET!
WHEW! ONE COCKTAIL ON AN EMPTY STOMACH ...TOO MUCH FOR ME!
YOU'RE TRYIN' TO HORN IN ON MY DEAL WITH HAROLD -- THASH WHAT IT IS! YOU WANT HIM TO RESCUE YOU INSTEAD OF ME, SO YOU'LL GET TO HOLLYWOOD!
MY DEAR GIRL, I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!
V VICTORY LOAN
NOT THASH WHAT YOU SAY! ONLY ONE OF US IS LEAVIN' THISH ROOM UNDER HER OWN POWER, SISTER, SO -- STRIP FOR ACTION!
BOB OKSNER

Miss Cairo Jones
by Bob Oksner and Jerry Albert
YOU'RE TRYIN' TO HORN IN ON MY DEAL WITH HAROLD HEARTBURNE, THASH WHAT YOU ARE, YOU--YOU BOTTLE-BLONDE BUZZARD!

Bubbles sees Cairo in the Club Carlotta's powder room, wearing an identical dress!
YOU FIXED YOURSELF UP TO LOOK LIKE ME, SO YOU COULD GET TO HOLLYWOOD IN MY PLACE! WELL, YOU'RE NOT LEAVIN' THISH ROOM, SISTER, SO-- STRIP FOR ACTION!
I'M AFRAID YOU'RE IN NO CONDITION TO BE REASONED WITH, WHOEVER YOU ARE!

SO I'LL JUST LET YOU FIGHT IT OUT WITH YOURSELF!
FIGHT! YOU WANNA FIGHT, HEY? OKAY, HERE I COME! HOLD ON TO YOUR BREADBASKET!

Mistaking her own reflection for Cairo...
YIPE!

Outside...
LEMME SEE NOW! HAROLD HEARTBURNE SAID SHE'D BE A EYE-OPENIN' BLONDE IN A POLKA-DOT DRESS, WIT' A BRAID IN HER HAIR! THIS IS THE DAME, ALL RIGHT!

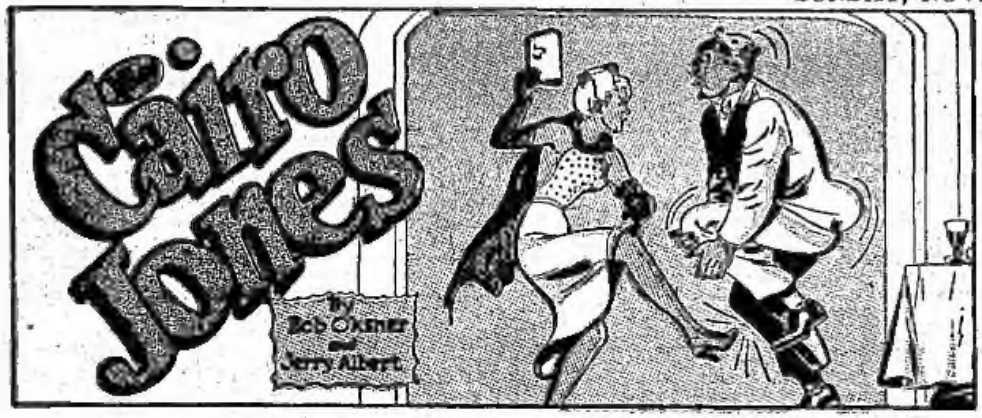
HIYA, BLONDE, BEAUTIFUL AND BUNDLEY! WANNA WRASSLE?
WH-WHAT? WHAT IS THIS? FIRST THAT GIRL INSIDE, AND NOW---

C'MON, SISTER-- HOW'S ABOUT MIXIN' LIPS WIT' ME?
LET GO OF ME, YOU BIG APE! YOU BET I'LL YELL!
HELP!
DON'T GET SCARED! IT'S ME --SAMMY!. NOW YA YELL FOR HELP!
V VICTORY LOAN

Meanwhile...
YOU, HERMAN B. THAYER, ARE THE GREATEST MOVIE PRODUCER IN THE WORLD! I, HAROLD HEARTBURNE, AM THE GREATEST SCREEN LOVER! NATURALLY, I'LL GET THE LEAD IN YOUR NEW "CUPID'S CAPERS"!
WELL--AH-- I WAS THINKING OF A YOUNGER, MORE ACTIVE--

SAMMY AND BUBBLES HAVE GONE INTO THEIR ACT! NOW I'LL PERFORM MY HEROIC RESCUE OF ENDANGERED WOMANHOOD, IMPRESS MR. THAYER WITH MY YOUTHFUL VIGOR, AND---
HELP!

OHMIGOSH! I'M RUINED! THAT ISN'T BUBBLES! SAMMY PICKED ON THE WRONG GIRL! AND --AND WHAT'S MORE-- SHE'S BEATING HIM UP!
OWW!
BOB OKSNER


Cairo Jones
By Bob Oksner and Jerry Albert

As Harold Heartburne, former Hollywood swoon king, dines with producer Herman B. Thayer...
OHMIGOSH! SAMMY MOLESTED THE WRONG GIRL! HOW CAN I IMPRESS MR. THAYER WITH MY HEROIC RESCUE OF ENDANGERED WOMANHOOD --WHEN SHE'S BEATING SAMMY UP?

WHAT ARE YA SOCKIN' ME FOR, BUBBLES? IT'S ME-- SAMMY! I WAS WAITIN' FOR YA---
YOU ICE EARED LOTHARIO --MY NAME ISN'T BUBBLES, IT'S CAIRO!...LET GO OF ME -- SO I CAN SOCK YOU SOME MORE!

SOMEBODY SHOULD TEACH THAT BIG BRUISER A LESSON...
WRONG GIRL OR NOT, I'VE GOT TO GO THROUGH WITH THIS! IF I DON'T GET THE LEAD IN THAYER'S "CUPID'S CAPERS," I'M WASHED UP!

I WILL HANDLE HIM, H. B.!
DON'T BE FOOLISH, HAROLD! THAT GUY'S GOT MUSCLES!

I'M THE BOUNCER HERE! BEAT IT, YA MASHER, BEFORE I MASH YER FACE---
ONE MOMENT, MY GOOD MAN! I, HAROLD HEARTBURNE, WILL THRASH THE COWARDLY RUFFIAN!

LOOK! IT'S HAROLD HEARTBURNE! ISN'T HE HANDSOME -- AND HE LOOKS SO MUCH YOUNGER THAN I THOUGHT HE WOULD!
THANK YOU, MADAM!

OOF! I MISSED!
THAT ROUSTABOUT ROMEO WILL GRIND THE HAM INTO MINCEMEAT!
BOB OKSNER

IT'S TIME CAIRO JONES TOOK A HAND!
MAKE IT LOOK GOOD, SAMMY! WE'LL MIX IT UP HOT AND HEAVY!

I'LL CRACK DOWN ON THAT BIG LUG -- HARD!
SHOVE ME AWAY... AND THEN WE'LL GIVE 'EM A SMASH FINALE!

SMASH!

# Miss Cairo Jones

By Bob Oksner and Jerry Albert

WHAT DIDJA CONK HAROLD HEARTBURNE FOR, KIDDO? YA GOT ME ALL PERTOIBED! I WAS SUPPOSED TO START UP WIT' A BLONDE NAMED BUBBLES, AN' THEN HAROLD WAS GONNA DASH TO THE RESCUE...

...TO SHOW SOME BIG MOVIE PRODUCER HE WASN'T NO HAS-BEEN HERO! ONLY YOU TOLD ME YER NAME WAS ***CAIRO***, NOT BUBBLES-- THEN YA BASHED HIM!

I WAS TRYING TO CRACK DOWN ON ***YOU***, YOU MUSCLE-BOUND MASHER... BUT I-- I SKULLED MR. HEARTBURNE INSTEAD!

HE'S COMING TO!... WHY--WHY ... ***HIS HAIR FELL OFF!*** IT WAS A --A ***WIG!***

HE'S GROPIN' FOR SOMETHIN' IN HIS POCKET! HE'S TAKIN' IT OUT! ... ***HEY!*** I NEVER KNEW HAROLD HEARTBURNE WORE-- ***HORN-RIMMED-CHEATERS!***

SIZZLING SPOTLIGHTS! HIS SHIRT TORE OPEN --AND HE SEEMS TO HAVE SPRUNG A STAY! WHY... HEARTTHROB HAROLD WEARS A --A ***CORSET!*** ***AND IT LET HIM DOWN!***

Stripper's Guide Restoration

I'M ***RUINED! A LAUGHINGSTOCK!*** AND IT HAPPENED RIGHT IN FRONT OF THE GREAT PRODUCER, H.B. THAYER! HOW WILL I EVER PLAY ROMANTIC YOUNG HEROES AGAIN?

YOU NEVER WILL, HAROLD! ***I'LL*** SEE TO ***THAT!***

***BECAUSE YOU'RE THE COMEDY FIND OF THE CENTURY!*** I'M SIGNING YOU TO A TEN-YEAR CONTRACT RIGHT NOW... WITH ***OPTIONS!***

YOU -- YOU MEAN THAT, H. B.?...WELL! I ALWAYS ***SAID*** HOLLYWOOD HAD NEVER MADE FULL USE OF MY UNIQUE TALENTS!

WELL, ALL'S WELL THAT -- ***GOLLY!*** I ALMOST FORGOT ABOUT STEVE RACY! HE WAS PHONING HIS EDITOR AND... ***WHAT'S THAT? BLOOD!***

***STEVE! STEVE! ARE YOU --***

I'M OVER HERE, CAIRO! WHAT'S THE MATTER?

BOB OKSNER

***OH!***

# Miss Cairo Jones

By Bob Oksner and Jerry Albert

STEVE! THAT'S -- BLOOD! WHAT--?

LOOK OUT, CAIRO!

HAT CHECKS →

STEVE! IS HE...?

HE'S ALL RIGHT, CAIRO -- JUST GOT A BAD BEATING! BUT THOSE OVERSEAS RIBBONS AND WOUND STRIPES SHOW HE CAN TAKE IT!

OHHH...

WHAT HAPPENED?... SOMEBODY GET A DOCTOR! CALL THE POLICE!

DON'T-CALL ANYBODY! I'M -- ALL RIGHT! JUST AN ACCIDENT... THAT'S ALL!

THAT BOY'S IN TROUBLE, STEVE! MAYBE WE CAN DO SOMETHING!

IF I TRY, HE'LL PROBABLY JUST SHAKE ME OFF -- OR SWING ON ME! BUT A PRETTY GIRL...

SERGEANT -- PLEASE! I KNOW IT'S NONE OF MY BUSINESS, BUT YOU LOOK AS THOUGH YOU NEED HELP! WON'T YOU TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED?

HUH?

CLUB Carlotta

WELL, I -- I'VE GOT TO TALK TO SOMEONE! HERE'S WHERE I LIVE! YOU CAN COME UP WITH ME IF YOU WANT TO!

THIS IS THE PITCH! MY NAME'S BARNEY SCOTT... I WAS ATTACHED TO G-2 UNTIL AN AIR RAID KAYOED ME IN ITALY! THEN THEY INVALIDED ME HOME...

...AND GAVE ME MY DISCHARGE YESTERDAY! TODAY I GOT MY FIRST TASTE OF CIVILIAN LIFE! FOUR TRIGGER-TOUGHS TRIED TO GUN-BEAT SOME INFORMATION OUT OF ME!

DID YOU GIVE IT TO THEM?

I DIDN'T HAVE IT TO GIVE! BUT THEY WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME! I FINALLY BROKE AWAY... THEY CHASED ME TO THE CLUB CARLOTTA, BUT I HID IN THAT PHONE BOOTH! THEN I GUESS I PASSED OUT, BECAUSE -- OH!

V VICTORY LOAN

WHAT'S THE MATTER?

11-26-45

DOWN THERE -- HEADING UP HERE... THE SAME SLIMY MOBSTERS WHO ALMOST KILLED ME BEFORE! THEY'RE COMING TO FINISH THE JOB!

BOB OKSNER

THEY'RE COMING TO FINISH ME OFF!
THOSE FOUR GUN-MUGS HAVE ME CORNERED HERE WITHOUT SO MUCH AS A PEA-SHOOTER-- AND I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHY!
YOU SAID THEY WANTED SOME INFORMATION YOU REFUSED TO GIVE! WHAT WAS IT?
I DON'T EVEN KNOW THAT, MISS JONES! I WAS ATTACHED TO G-2 IN THE ARMY, AS A CHEMICAL ENGINEER, UNTIL A BOMB BURST ALMOST COOKED ME IN ITALY! THE MEDICS FOUND ME LYING IN THE RUINS OF A FACTORY!
BUT I'M BLANK ON THE THIRTY-SIX HOURS OF MY LIFE JUST BEFORE THAT! THEY SAY I'LL PROBABLY NEVER REMEMBER! ... I ONLY KNOW I WAS ON THE TRAIL OF AN IMPORTANT AVIATION SECRET!
THEN YOU THINK THOSE FOUR MEN--
MAYBE THERE'S A TIE-UP-- I DON'T KNOW! ... COME ON! I STILL HAVE ONE CHANCE-- LUISA BROWN, MY LANDLADY!
DUCK! THEY'RE COMING UP THE STAIRS!
ONLY TWO OF 'EM-- THE OTHER TWO MUST BE ON WATCH DOWNSTAIRS! BUT, I'LL PUT MY DOUGH ON MRS. BROWN! SHE'S THE MOST RESOURCEFUL --
BUT WHO IS SHE?
WHO'S THERE?
HER REAL NAME IS LUISA BORGI-- A REMARKABLE WOMAN! SEEMS SHE WAS AN ANTI-FASCIST GUERRILLA LEADER IN ITALY-- CAME TO AMERICA LAST YEAR! WELL-EDUCATED... SPEAKS PERFECT ENGLISH!
IT'S BARNEY SCOTT, MRS. BROWN!
YES?
QUICK, MRS. BROWN, LET US IN! I NEED HELP-- AND YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE I CAN TURN TO!
OPEN THE DOOR!
KNOCK! KNOCK!
THEY'RE HERE!

# Miss Cairo Jones

by Bob Oksner and Jerry Albert

KNOCK! KNOCK!

ONE MOMENT, PLEASE! I-I'M DRESSING!

THOSE KILLERS! THEY'VE FOUND US!

KNOCK! KNOCK!

COME ON! OPEN UP BEFORE WE BUST DOWN THE DOOR!

BAM! BAM!

WHAT DOES THIS MEAN? YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO—

SHUT UP!

WHERE'S THAT SOLDIER AND THE BLONDE DAME? WE KNOW THEY CAME IN HERE!

I HAVEN'T ANY IDEA WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!

WE'LL SEE! SEARCH THE JOINT, BOYS!

NUTHIN' IN THIS CLOSET!

LOOKS LIKE THEY AIN'T HERE, AFTER ALL!

THEY GOTTA BE HERE! SAVOY'S STILL ON WATCH DOWNSTAIRS! THEY COULDN'T'VE GOT AWAY!

WELL, HAVE YOU SATISFIED YOURSELVES THERE'S NOBODY HERE BUT ME? ... NOW—GET OUT!

OKAY, LADY, WE'RE GETTIN'!

MY BOARDERS SOMETIMES COMPLAIN BITTERLY ABOUT THE THINNESS OF THE MATTRESSES HERE! BUT A THIN MATTRESS HAS ITS USES!... WITH A HUMAN BODY UNDER IT, IT DOESN'T GET SO THICK AS TO LOOK SUSPICIOUS!

BOB OKSNER

YOU MAY COME OUT, MISS JONES AND MR. SCOTT! THE ENEMY HAS RETIRED—IN CONFUSION!

Cairo Jones
by Bob Olsner and Jerry Albert
TALK ABOUT NARROW ESCAPES! WHEN I PERSUADED BARNEY SCOTT TO REVEAL WHY THAT GANG WAS AFTER HIS SCALP, I HAD NO IDEA THEY'D START WHETTING THEIR KNIVES FOR MY TOPKNOT, TOO!
WE'D HAVE BEEN A PAIR OF WELL-COOKED GEESE IF HIS LANDLADY, LUISA BORGI, HADN'T HIDDEN US! ... AN UNUSUAL WOMAN, THAT ONE! USED TO BE A GUERRILLA LEADER IN ITALY! I --
R-R-RINGG!
THE DOORBELL! DID THOSE KILLERS TRACE ME HERE?
STEVE RACY! I THOUGHT--
WE'RE HERE FOR A COUNCIL OF WAR, CAIRO! I ROUNDED UP SERGEANT SCOTT AND -- ER -- MRS. BROWN!
AMONG FRIENDS I PREFER MY REAL NAME -- LUISA BORGI!
YOU CAN COME IN NOW! I'LL KEYHOLE YOUR POWWOW FROM HERE WHILE I DRESS!
I WANT TO HEAR BARNEY'S STORY! AFTER THAT WE'LL GO INTO A STRATEGY HUDDLE!
G-2 ASSIGNED ME TO TRACK DOWN A SECRET SUPER-GASOLINE FORMULA THAT A CERTAIN EXPERIMENTAL FACTORY IN ITALY WAS WORKING ON! BUT SOME OF OUR CLOUD-BUGGIES CAME OVER, AND WHEN I AWAKENED -- IN THE RUINS OF THAT FACTORY -- WITH MEDICS SYPHONING PLASMA INTO ME....
-- I WAS A TOTAL BLANK ON THE PREVIOUS THIRTY-SIX HOURS! HOW I'D GOT IN -- AND WHETHER I DISCOVERED ANYTHING THERE -- I DON'T KNOW!
APPARENTLY THAT GANG THINKS YOU KNOW MORE THAN YOU DO! BUT WHY SHOULD A GASOLINE FORMULA BE SO IMPORTANT NOW WITH THE WAR OVER? IF THAT'S WHAT THEY'RE AFTER! ... READY YET, CAIRO?
CAIRO..!
SHE DOESN'T ANSWER!
SHE'S GONE!

SHOULD WE -- CALL THE POLICE?

By Bob Oksner and Jerry Albert

WE DON'T DARE RING THE POLICE IN ON THIS! THE GANG THAT SEIZED CAIRO IS AFTER SOMETHING BIG! IF THEY SEE THE BADGE-BOYS ON THEIR TRAIL -- . SHE'S *THROUGH!*

BUT WE MUST DO *SOMETHING*, MR. TRACY!

THOSE BULLETHEADS THINK I LEARNED SOME FANTASTIC SECRET DURING THE WAR! THEY'RE TRYING TO USE CAIRO TO PRY IT OUT OF ME!

ALL YOU KNOW IS THAT G-2 SENT YOU INTO AN ITALIAN EXPERIMENTAL FACTORY...

...TO PRY LOOSE A SPECIAL GASOLINE PROCESS -- AND THEN OUR BOMB BOYS BLASTED THE FACTORY -- *WITH YOU IN IT!* IF YOU COULD ONLY REMEMBER WHAT YOU LEARNED BEFORE THAT BOMBING, BARNEY!

Meanwhile, in the offices of Dr. Harlo Villani...

THIS IS VERY DISTASTEFUL TO ME, MISS JONES! ... IF YOU WOULD ONLY BE REASONABLE...

I TELL YOU I DON'T KNOW BARNEY SCOTT'S SECRET -- IF HE HAS ONE! I *CAN'T* TELL YOU WHAT I DON'T KNOW!

WE'RE NOT GETTIN' ANYWHERE THIS WAY, DOC!

THERE ARE OTHER WAYS! ...GO OUT AND BRING IN SCOTT HIMSELF!

HE'S ESCAPED YOU TWICE! I DO NOT PERMIT *THREE* FAILURES! ... AS FOR MISS JONES -- I WILL UNDERTAKE TO PERSUADE HER!

I AM A SURGEON BY PROFESSION, MY DEAR! DEADLY SHARP INSTRUMENTS ARE MY NORMAL TOOLS ... AND THE SIGHT OF GREAT PAIN GIVES ME NO QUALMS!

THE WALLS ARE SOUNDPROOF... THE DOORS ARE LOCKED! SHOULD DEATH UNFORTUNATELY VISIT THIS ROOM... TOO BAD! MERELY A SURGICAL ERROR!

*YOU ARE HOPELESSLY TRAPPED, CAIRO JONES!*

BOB OKSNER

# Miss Cairo Jones

By Bob Oksner and Jerry Albert

BEFORE WE'RE THROUGH, MISS JONES, I FIRMLY BELIEVE YOU'LL AGREE TO HELP ME MAKE YOUR G-2 FRIEND, SERGEANT SCOTT, MORE TALKATIVE!
BUT HE DOESN'T REMEMBER WHAT HE FOUND IN THAT ITALIAN FACTORY...
COLLEGIA MEDICINA

...BEFORE HE WAS CAUGHT IN THE BOMBING THERE! HE WAS SENT TO SPY OUT A NEW GASOLINE FORMULA! WHY SHOULD THAT BE SO IMPORTANT...?
GASOLINE FORMULA—HAH! YOU KNOW BETTER THAN THAT!

FEEL KIND OF... WEAK AT THE KNEES! IT LOOKED LIKE LILIES FOR CAIRO, THAT TIME!... TOO BAD VILLANI GOT AWAY! I STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS MAD SCRAMBLE IS ABOUT!

Cairo Jones
By Bob Oksner and Jerry Albert
THIS LETTER — IT EXPLAINS EVERYTHING!

CAIRO! WHAT HAPPENED! WE STREAKED OVER AS SOON AS YOU PHONED!
COME ON IN!... BARNEY SCOTT!— IN THOSE CIVVIES I ALMOST MISTOOK YOU FOR A BANK PRESIDENT!

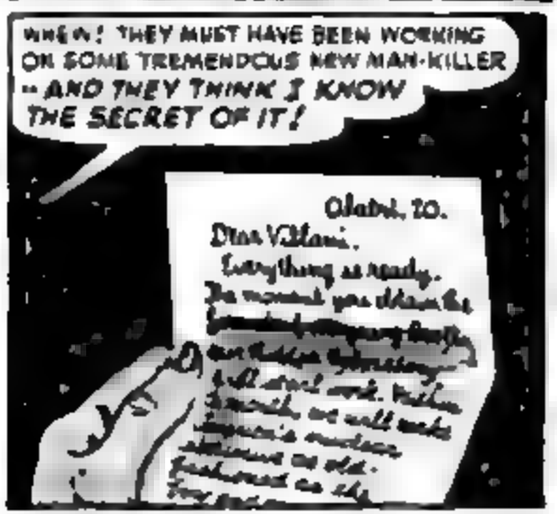
BANK JANITOR!... I PACKED MORE GLAMOR AS A SOLDIER-MAN... BUT IT'S ILLEGAL TO WEAR THE BRASS BUTTONS VERY LONG AFTER BEING DISCHARGED SO...
NEVER MIND THAT! GIVE OUT, CAIRO!

WELL, STEVE, AN UNPLEASANT GENTLEMAN NAMED DR. HAROLD VILLANI WAS GOING TO PRACTICE SURGERY ON MY ANATOMY — TO MAKE ME HELP HIM GET BARNEY'S "SECRET"!

BUT HE WAS CARELESS WITH HIS GUN — AND I GRABBED IT! UNFORTUNATELY, HE MANAGED TO ESCAPE!
HEY! DON'T POINT THAT AT ME!

THIS LETTER ON VILLANI'S DESK REVEALS THEY WEREN'T AFTER SOME SPECIAL GASOLINE FORMULA AS WE THOUGHT U.S.A...
BUT THAT'S WHAT G-2 SENT BARNEY INTO ITALY TO FIND!

THEN WHEN I'D WORKED MY WAY INTO THAT EXPERIMENTAL FACTORY, OUR OWN BOMBERS CAME OVER AND... BLASTED WHAT I'D LEARNED CLEAR OUT OF MY HEAD!
DOES THIS JOG YOUR MEMORY ANY, BARNEY?


WHEW! THEY MUST HAVE BEEN WORKING ON SOME TREMENDOUS NEW MAN-KILLER — AND THEY THINK I KNOW THE SECRET OF IT!
Olatvi, 20.
Dear Villani.
Everything as ready.

EVERYBODY ELSE WHO MIGHT HAVE KNOWN IT WAS PROBABLY BLOTTED OUT IN THE BOMBING!
BUT I DON'T KNOW IT! I'M STILL A TOTAL BLANK ON THAT FACTORY EPISODE!
VILLANI'S PLANS WERE FOOLPROOF! CAIRO WAS ABSOLUTELY HELPLESS!

WE'VE TANGLED WITH COBRAS, CAIRO! YOU WERE CERTAINLY LUCKY TO GRAB THAT GUN AND MAKE VILLANI GALLOP!
A LOT LUCKIER THAN SHE KNEW! DID YOU EXAMINE THIS GUN, CAIRO?

N-NO, STEVE! WHY?
OH NOTHING!... ONLY IT ISN'T LOADED!

# Cairo Jones

By Bob Chester and Jerry Albert

IT REVEALS THAT THE ITALIAN EXPERIMENTAL FACTORY, WHICH U-2 SENT BARNEY TO INVESTIGATE, WAS WORKING ON A TREMENDOUS NEW WEAPON!
IF I COULD ONLY REMEMBER WHAT I LEARNED IN THAT FACTORY...

...BEFORE OUR BOMBERS BLASTED IT SKY-HIGH -- AND YOUR MEMORY WITH IT! MAYBE IF WE COULD GET YOU TO ITALY, BARNEY--
SOMETHING THERE MIGHT JOG HIS MEMORY, EH? I AGREE! IN FACT, IF YOU GO--LUISA GOES, TOO!

THIS BARDO OF ALATRI, WHO SIGNED VILLANI'S LETTER... I KNOW HIM! WHEN I WAS GUERRILLA LEADER DURING THE WAR, HE ALMOST HAD ME SHOT! I WOULD LIKE MUCH TO SETTLE SCORES WITH HIM!

NOW YOU'RE TALKING, LUISA! ...HOW ABOUT YOU, STEVE?
NO DICE! I HAVE STRICT ORDERS TO RESUME MY NEWSPAPER COLUMN DAY AFTER TOMORROW!... BUT I CAN SEE THAT YOU THREE GET TRANSPORTATION ACROSS!

Later...
WHEN YOU REACH PORTUGAL, THERE'LL BE A SPECIAL SKY-BUS TO GET YOU TO ROME!... AND-- TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF BEAUTIFUL!
I WILL, STEVE-- HONEST!

ROME!
HERE COMES THE PLANE FROM LISBON! TURGO REPORTS YOUNG SCOTT AND THE TWO WOMEN ARE ON IT!
YOU REALLY PULLED THE WOOL OVER THEIR EYES, VILLANI!

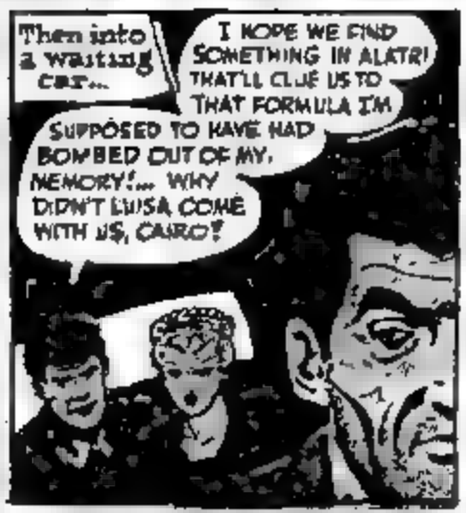
FIRST THERE WAS THAT UNLOADED GUN, PLANTED WHERE THE BLONDE COULD GRAB IT AND "RESCUE" HERSELF! THEN THAT LETTER FROM BARDO, TO LURE THEM HERE!

Miss Cairo Jones
By Bob Oksner and Jerry Albert
HERE COMES THE PLANE FROM LISBON!

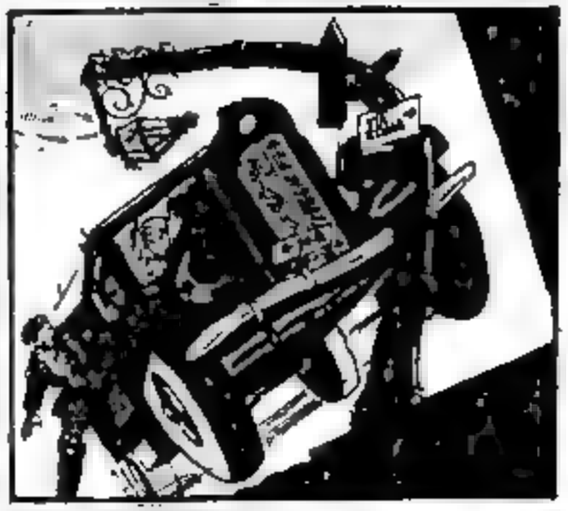
THAT PLANE BRINGS THE FISH WITHIN REACH! A LITTLE MORE -- AND WE HAUL IN THE NET!
YOUR BAIT WORKED PERFECTLY, VILLANI! THE BEAUTIFUL SIGNORINA JONES REALLY THOUGHT SHE WAS RESCUING HERSELF FROM YOU...

-- WHEN SHE "FOUND" THAT GUN IN YOUR COAT! AND THEN THAT LETTER FROM THIS COUNTRY SIGNED BY BARDO...
IT WAS TOO DIFFICULT TO FORCE THEIR TONGUES IN AMERICA. HERE, IN ITALY, THEY WILL TALK... OR ELSE!

On a small field near Rome...
YOU SAY YOU KNOW THIS MAN BARDO, LUISA?
WHEN I WAS GUERRILLA LEADER HERE, MISS JONES, HE TRIED TO BETRAY ME TO THE FASCISTI! NOW WE WILL SETTLE SCORES!
N V HIT


Then into a waiting car...
I HOPE WE FIND SOMETHING IN ALATRI THAT'LL CLUE US TO THAT FORMULA I'M SUPPOSED TO HAVE HAD BOMBED OUT OF MY MEMORY!... WHY DIDN'T LUISA COME WITH US, CAIRO?

SHE HAD ARRANGEMENTS TO MAKE IN ROME, BARNEY BEFORE — DRIVER, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

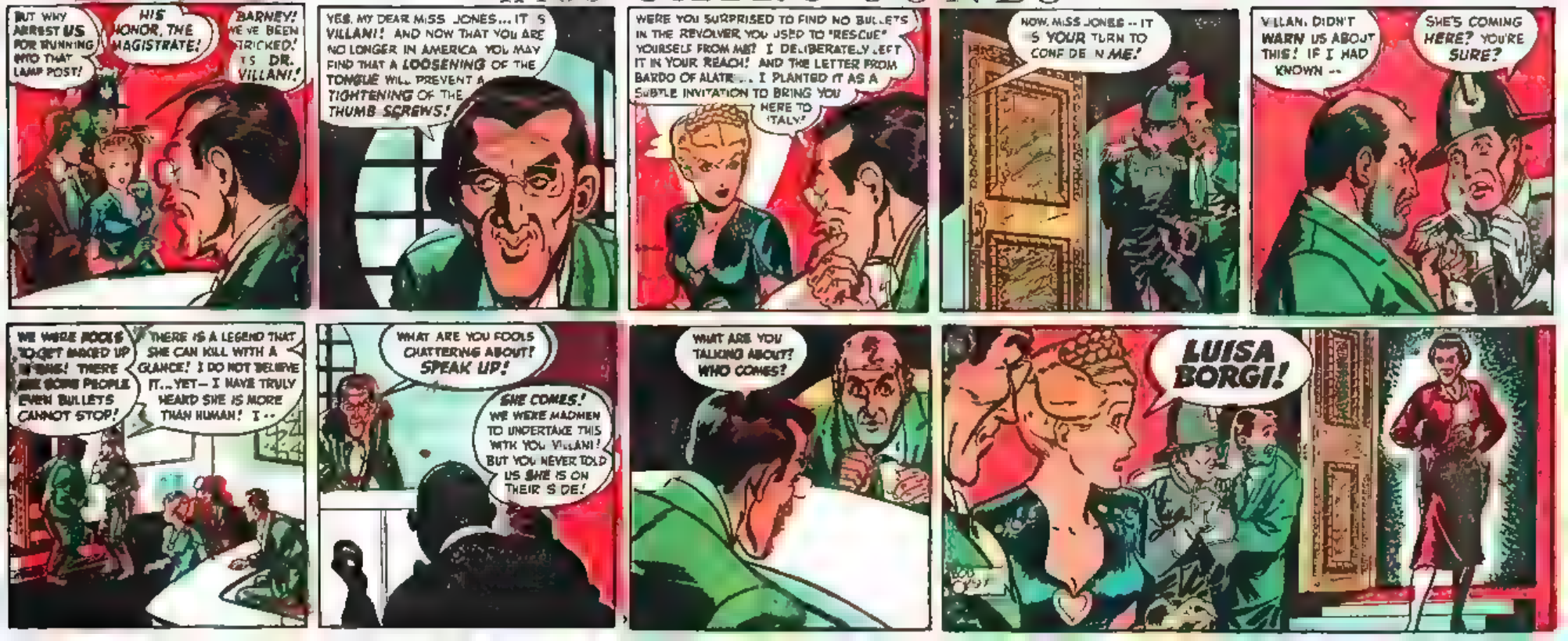


MURDERERS! I ARREST YOU FOR RECKLESS DRIVING ...DESTROYING PROPERTY...
BUT IT'S A HIRED CAR! OUR DRIVER DELIBERATELY CRASHED AND RAN AWAY!

YOU ARE AS GUILTY AS HE! ...MARCH!
BUT -- THIS IS INSANE! WHERE ARE YOU TAKING US?

TO THE MAGISTRATE! HE WILL JUDGE YOUR CRIMES!

IN HERE YOU WILL MEET-- JUSTICE!
BARNEY! WE'VE BEEN TRICKED! IT'S -DR. VILLANI!

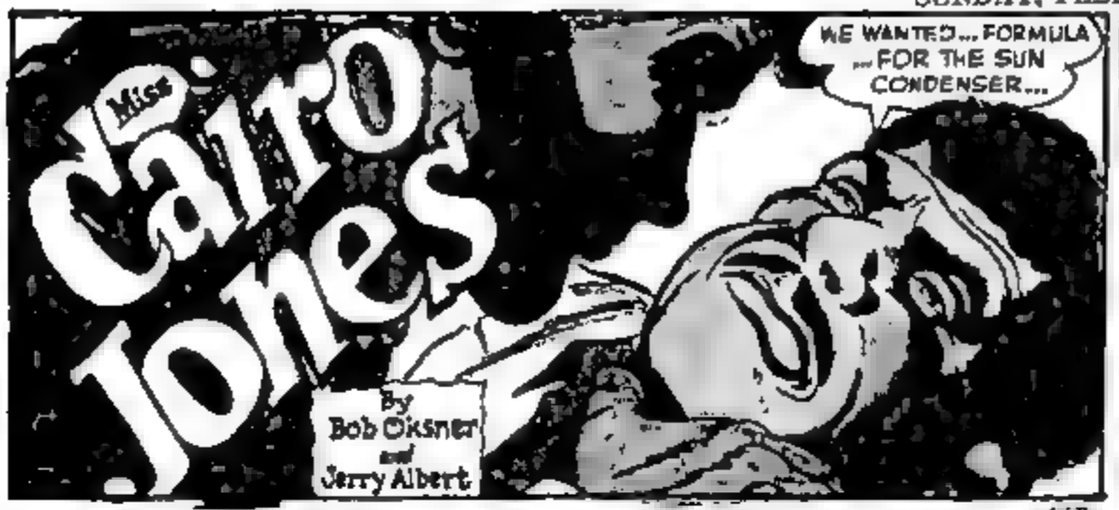

BUT WHY ARREST US FOR RUNNING INTO THAT LAMP POST!
HIS HONOR, THE MAGISTRATE!
BARNEY! WE'VE BEEN TRICKED! IT'S DR. VILLANI!
YES, MY DEAR MISS JONES... IT'S VILLANI! AND NOW THAT YOU ARE NO LONGER IN AMERICA YOU MAY FIND THAT A LOOSENING OF THE TONGUE WILL PREVENT A TIGHTENING OF THE THUMB SCREWS!
WERE YOU SURPRISED TO FIND NO BULLETS IN THE REVOLVER YOU USED TO "RESCUE" YOURSELF FROM ME? I DELIBERATELY LEFT IT IN YOUR REACH! AND THE LETTER FROM BARDO OF ALATRI... I PLANTED IT AS A SUBTLE INVITATION TO BRING YOU HERE TO ITALY!
NOW, MISS JONES -- IT'S YOUR TURN TO CONFIDE IN ME!
VILLANI DIDN'T WARN US ABOUT THIS! IF I HAD KNOWN --
SHE'S COMING HERE? YOU'RE SURE?
WE WERE ROCKS TO GET MIXED UP IN THIS! THERE ARE SOME PEOPLE EVEN BULLETS CANNOT STOP!
THERE IS A LEGEND THAT SHE CAN KILL WITH A GLANCE! I DO NOT BELIEVE IT... YET -- I HAVE TRULY HEARD SHE IS MORE THAN HUMAN! I --
WHAT ARE YOU FOOLS CHATTERING ABOUT? SPEAK UP!
SHE COMES! WE WERE MADMEN TO UNDERTAKE THIS WITH YOU VILLANI! BUT YOU NEVER TOLD US SHE IS ON THEIR SIDE!
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? WHO COMES?
LUISA BORGI!

Miss Cairo Jones
By Bob Oksner and Jerry Albert
D-DO SOMETHING, VILLAN! SAVE US!
THE—THE "TIGRESS"!
LUISA BORGI!
FOOLS! SHOOT HER DOWN! SHE IS ALONE! THERE ARE NO GUERRILLAS BEHIND HER NOW!
B-BUT SHE IS A DEADLY PISTOL SHOT! SHE—
THESE—I DO NOT NEED!
WELL—RABBITS?
WE'RE NOT PIN-BRAINS! YOU—YOU MUST HAVE REINFORCEMENTS OUTSIDE!
A TERRIFYING GANG INDEED! YOU WILL FIGHT LIKE LIONS FOR THE SECRET OF THIS FANTASTIC WEAPON THAT YOUNG SCOTT HERE IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE—BUT ONLY WHEN THERE ARE TEN OF YOU TO ONE OF US!... HA!
COME, MY FRIENDS... WE LEAVE! NO ONE WILL STOP US!
LUISA! YOU RE STUPENDOUS!
@&#%*!! WHY DID LA BORGI HAVE TO TURN UP AT JUST THE WRONG MOMENT!
MY ONLY FEAR WAS THAT SHE WOULDN'T TURN UP IN TIME!

Miss Cairo Jones
By Bob Oksner and Jerry Albert
IN A FEW MOMENTS — IF BARDO IS STILL HERE — WE MAY PUT TOGETHER THIS WHOLE GORY JIGSAW PUZZLE!
ALA!
In Alatri...
WHERE CAN I FIND ANTONIO BARDO, SIGNOR!
THERE HE IS NOW — JUST COMING OUT OF THE CHURCH!
A MOMENT, SIGNOR BARDO! WE FEEL AN URGENT DESIRE FOR YOUR COMPANY... IN THIS ALLEY!
LUISA BORGI! WH-WHAT DO YOU WANT?
NO ONE EVER COMES HERE, BARNEY...
YOU WROTE A LETTER TO DR. VILLANI, FRIEND—ABOUT SOME FANTASTIC SECRET I'M SUPPOSED TO HAVE LEARNED WHEN G-2 SENT ME HERE DURING THE WAR!
AN AIR RAID BLASTED IT OUT OF MY MEMORY— BUT VILLANI AND HIS THROAT-SLITTERS THINK I'M POUR-FLUSHING! YOU KNOW WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT, BARDO! NOW TALK!
I—I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN! I—
I'VE BEEN SHOT AT, BLACKJACKED, GUN-SLUGGED AND RUBBER HOSED! I'M TIRED OF TAKING! NOW I'M GOING TO DISH IT OUT!
NO... NO!... I KNOW NOTHING...
TALK, YOU ROTTEN SCUM—OR YOU'LL NEVER TALK AGAIN! WHAT'S YOUR GANG OF HYENAS AFTER? TALK!
THE... SUN... CONDENSER...
SUN CONDENSER... WHAT...?
CAIRO! LUISA! I—I'M BEGINNING TO REMEMBER EVERYTHING!

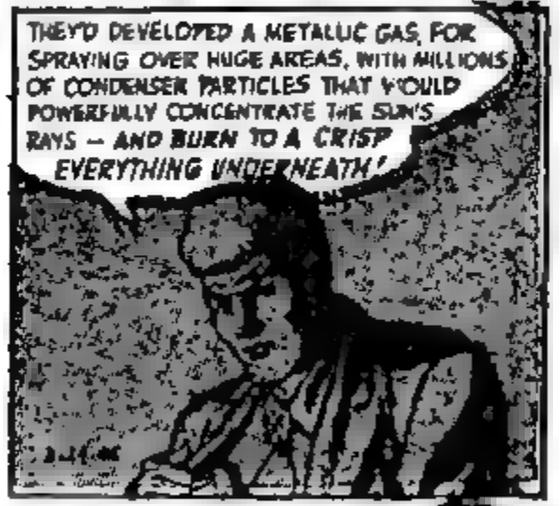
# Miss Cairo Jones

By Bob Oksner and Jerry Albert

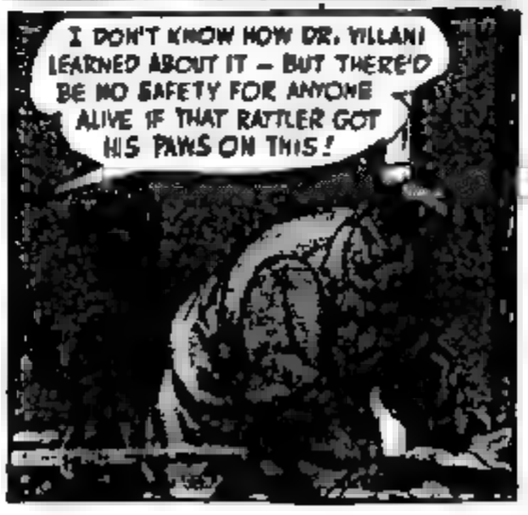


When an airraid warning sounded, I slipped into the executive offices! But suddenly –
A SPY, IS IT?... JUSTICE IS SIMPLE FOR YOUR KIND! I MERELY PRESS THE TRIG--

THEY TOLD ME LATER I WAS THE ONLY ONE TO GET OUT ALIVE!... AND THE SHOCK HAD COMPLETELY BLOTTED OUT OF MY MIND THE VITAL FORMULA I'D MEMORIZED THERE – TILL JUST NOW!


THEY'D DEVELOPED A METALLIC GAS, FOR SPRAYING OVER HUGE AREAS, WITH MILLIONS OF CONDENSER PARTICLES THAT WOULD POWERFULLY CONCENTRATE THE SUN'S RAYS – AND BURN TO A CRISP EVERYTHING UNDERNEATH!

WHY – THAT COULD BE EVEN MORE DEADLY THAN THE ATOMIC BOMB!
THAT'S WHY I'M GETTING THIS FORMULA TO THE PROPER AUTHORITIES RIGHT NOW!



IN THE HANDS OF ANY SINGLE GROUP OR NATION, A WEAPON AS TERRIBLE AS THIS WOULD CAUSE CONSTANT SUSPICION! EVERY OTHER COUNTRY WOULD START RE-ARMING SO FAST THAT –

# Miss Lotta Jones

By Bob Oksner and Jerry Albert

BARNEY! LOOK OUT!

HEY!

LUISA! YOU HAVE A GUN! DON'T LET BARDO GET AWAY!

NO! VILLANI MAY HAVE FOLLOWED US! A SHOT WOULD LET HIM KNOW WHERE WE ARE!

YOU'RE QUITE SOME JIU-JITSU JILL, CARO! I'LL NEVER MAKE A PASS AT YOU!... NOW LET'S GET THIS SUN CONDENSER FORMULA TO THE AUTHORITIES BEFORE —

HASTE IS DANGER, BARNEY! COME WITH ME!

NO ONE WILL SEE US HERE IN THE CHURCH, MY FRIENDS! FROM THE BELL TOWER, WE CAN RECONNOITER ALL OF ALATRI!

I THINK WE'RE WASTING TIME, BUT...

THE COAST IS CLEAR! I'M GOING TO GALLOP OUT OF HERE WITH THESE CONDENSER GAS SPECIFICATIONS!

ONE MOMENT, BARNEY SCOTT!

IF YOU PLEASE — I'LL TAKE THAT SLIP OF PAPER!

YOU'RE — KIDDING! YOU DON'T REALLY...

LUISA!

I WANT THAT FORMULA — AND I'LL CHEERFULLY KILL TO GET IT!

BOB OKSNER

Miss
LUISA! WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
By Bob Oksner and Jerry Albert

I WANT THAT FORMULA—AND I'LL KILL TO GET IT!

YOU SEE, MY DEAR CAIRO, AFTER BARNEY HERE ESCAPED FROM THE BOMBED ITALIAN WAR PLANT HE'D BEEN SENT TO INVESTIGATE, HE THOUGHT EVERYONE ELSE THERE HAD BEEN KILLED!

BUT THE PLANT OWNER ALSO ESCAPED—AND HE KNEW THE VALUE OF THE TREMENDOUS SECRET BARNEY HAD FOUND!
THEN— DR. VILLANI WAS THE OWNER WHO—

EXACTLY! NOT BEING A PHYSICIST, HE DIDN'T KNOW THE DEADLY SUN CONDENSER FORMULA HIMSELF—AND ONLY BARNEY COULD GIVE IT TO HIM!

WHEN NEITHER THREATS NOR FORCE PRODUCED RESULTS IN AMERICA, DR. VILLANI TRICKED YOU INTO COMING TO ITALY!... AND NOW—I'LL TAKE THAT FORMULA, BARNEY SCOTT!

BUT—BUT YOU FOUGHT FOR US AGAINST VILLANI! AND YOU WERE KNOWN BY THE PEOPLE AS A FAMOUS GUERRILLA LEADER!
ONLY WITH THE HELP OF THE FASCISTI, WHOSE AGENT I WAS!

AS FOR VILLANI— SINCE WHEN DOES SISTER FIGHT BROTHER?
YOU'RE—VILLANI'S SISTER?... THE DEVIL! IF EVER THERE WERE TWO CHOWDERHEADS, CA.RO.WE—

THE CHURCH BELL—IT NEVER RINGS AT THIS HOUR!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

THAT BELL WILL ROUSE THE COUNTRYSIDE!
FOR YOUR FUNERAL, MISS JONES!

Miss Cairo Jones
By Bob Oksner and Jerry Albert
HOW DO Y'ALL LIKE THAT FOR INEFFICIENCY?

THE FIGHTIN'S BEEN OVUH IN ITALY FOR A YEAR AN' A HALF...
AND THEY JUST NOW REMEMBERED TO HAVE US TAKE DOWN THIS EMERGENCY HOSPITAL FLAG!

At that moment...
THIS CHURCH BELL WILL ROUSE THE COUNTRYS DE, LUISA!
FOR YOUR FUNERAL, MISS JONES!

GIVE ME THAT GUN!
GET THE POLICE, CAIRO! QUICK! I'LL HANDLE THIS VULTURE!

IF I CAN JUMP ACROSS TO THAT ROOFTOP, I MAY GET AWAY! BUT IF I MISS--

ANYWAY, WE HAVEN'T HAD TO WORRY ABOUT DEADLY BUNDLES FROM HEAVEN FOR A LONG TIME! THEY--
LOOK OUT!
OH!

# MISS CAIRO JONES

SHE TRIED TO ESCAPE BY JUMPING FROM HERE TO THE ADJOINING ROOFTOP — BUT SHE MISSED! OH, BARNEY —WHAT A HORRIBLE WAY TO DIE!
HITLER'S KIND CAUSED PLENTY OF HORRIBLE DEATHS—ALL OVER THE WORLD! I CAN'T FEEL PITY FOR HER, CAIRO!
SOME OF THEM SEEM LIKE CIVILIZED HUMAN BEINGS—BUT THEY DELIBERATELY MURDERED AND TORTURED THEIR WAY TO CONQUEST!
THE FASCISTS LOST THE WAR—BUT THEY SUCCEEDED IN SPREADING SOME OF THEIR POISON EVEN INTO OUR OWN COUNTRY!
SOME OF OUR "BEST CITIZENS" SPOUT THEIR LIES ABOUT PEOPLE OF OTHER COUNTRIES BEING INFERIOR! YET EVERY SCIENTIFIC FACT HAS PROVED THIS PHONY!
"THEY'RE STILL TRYING TO CONQUER BY STIRRING UP TROUBLE. SAME OLD PLOT—THEY NEVER GIVE UP!"
TOO BAD VILLANI'S STILL LOOSE! BUT THAT BUZZARD WON'T BOTHER US AFTER I TURN IN THIS DEADLY CONDENSER GAS FORMULA! THAT'S ALL HE'S AFTER!
YES—I GUESS WE'RE SAFE ENOUGH NOW! ... YOU GO IN, BARNEY! I'LL WAIT FOR YOU HERE!
I WONDER WHAT STEVE RACY'S DOING! HE WAS SO MISERABLE WHEN I LEFT HIM BACK IN THE STATES! HE MUST MISS ME TERRIBLY!
At that moment, in Steve's apartment, where he is missing Cairo terribly...

Miss
Cairo Jones
By
Bob Oksner
and
Jerry Albert

MMMM!... THANKS FOR THE KISS, MISS JET – BUT WHAT'S IT FOR?
I WANTED TO SEE HOW IT FELT TO KISS A GENTLEMAN, STEVE! IT'S BEEN SO LONG...

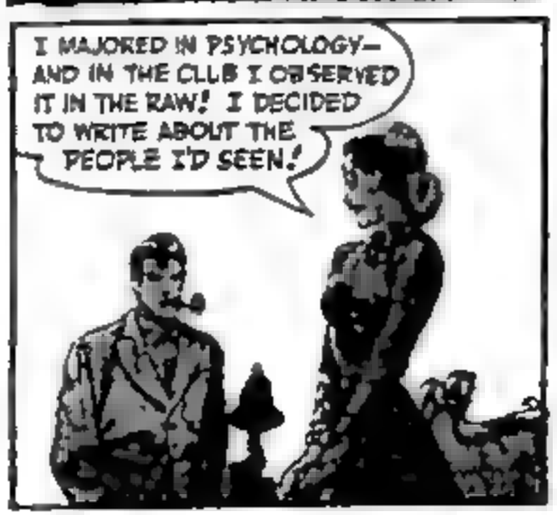
SO YOUR LITTLE WELTERWEIGHT CHAMP IS A PRETTY ROUGH DIAMOND, HEY? WHY ARE YOU TIED UP WITH HIM?
LEFTY INTRIGUES ME – FOR PROFESSIONAL REASONS, PERHAPS!

I SEE YOU'RE TIED UP, TOO!... VERY LOVELY!
I ONLY WISH WE WERE EVEN MORE "TIED UP" THAN WE ARE! SHE'S IN ITALY RIGHT NOW...

BUT WE'D BETTER GET BACK TO BUSINESS! THIS DID START OUT AS AN INTERVIEW WITH YOU FOR MY COLUMN!

WHEN A CONVENT-BRED GAL FROM BOSTON WRITES TOPNOTCH PSYCHOLOGICAL NOVELS ABOUT PUGS AND THUGS, THERE MUST BE A STORY BEHIND IT!

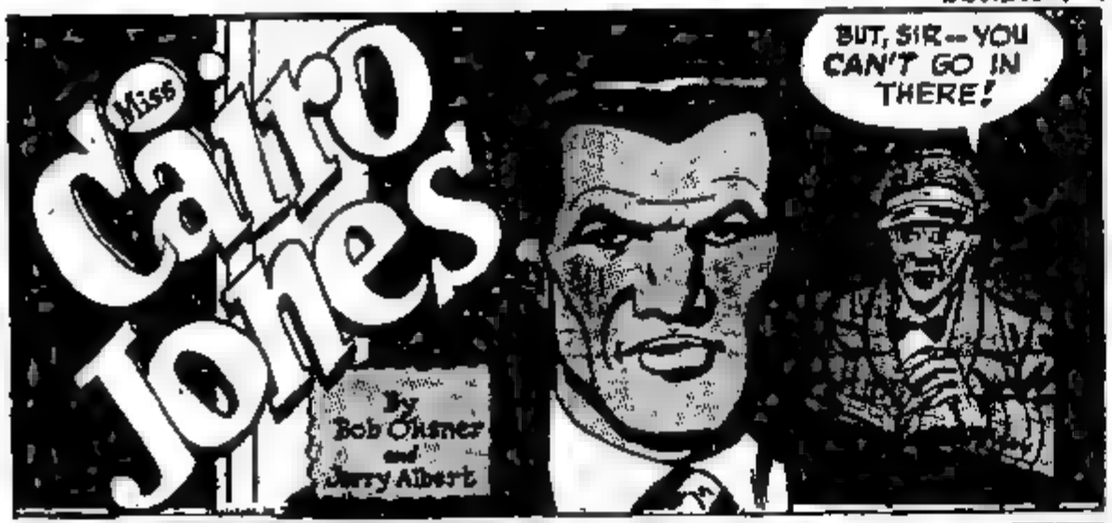
I WAS JUST TOO RESTLESS FOR CONVENT LIFE! I RAN AWAY... GOT A JOB AS A WAITRESS! THEN I PAID MY WAY THROUGH COLLEGE AS A NIGHT-CLUB ENTERTAINER!


I MAJORED IN PSYCHOLOGY– AND IN THE CLUB I OBSERVED IT IN THE RAW! I DECIDED TO WRITE ABOUT THE PEOPLE I'D SEEN!

I ALSO DEVELOPED A TASTE FOR A CERTAIN TYPE OF MAN...

...A MAN LIKE YOU, STEVE!

JET! WHAT KIND OF [illegible] DOUBLE-CROSS IS THIS?!


Miss
Cairo Jones
By Bob Olsner and Jerry Albert
BUT, SIR -- YOU CAN'T GO IN THERE!

JET! WHAT KIND OF @<&#%@:-:* DOUBLE CROSS IS THIS?
LISTEN, MISTER, I TOLD YOU TO WAIT OUTSIDE! NOW DON'T START ANY TROUBLE, OR I'LL HAVE TO--

YOU LISTEN TO ME! I'M LEFTY WIRE -- AND I DON'T LIKE BIG DOUGH-HEADS WHO CAN'T KEEP THEIR PAWS TO THEMSELVES!

SEE?

I OUGHTA GIVE YOU A DOSE OF THE SAME, BABY -- BUT I'LL SAVE MY KNUCKLES FOR YOUR GOOD-LOOKIN' BOY FRIEND! YOU WON'T GO FOR HIS FACE SO MUCH AFTER I'M FINISHED!

YOU GET PAID FOR FIGHTING, LEFTY! IF YOU WANT TO TAKE THE CHANCE OF HURTING YOUR HANDS IN A CHARITY EXHIBITION...
THIS GIRL'S CLEVER! SHE COULD TAME THAT LITTLE ATOM BOMB AT WILL! BUT--

I'M NOT HAPPY BEHIND YOUR SKIRTS, JET! LEFTY CAN DEAL WITH ME DIRECTLY!
THAT'S JUST WHAT I'M GONNA DO!

ROBBING

BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE! YOU'D BETTER ANSWER THE TELEPHONE, STEVE!

STEVE? THIS IS CAIRO! I'M LEAVING ROME TODAY! ARE YOU BORED OVER THERE -- WITHOUT ME TO KEEP YOU OCCUPIED?

Miss Cairo Jones
By Bob Oksner and Jerry Albert
STEVE? THIS IS CAIRO!
I'M LEAVING ROME TONIGHT, STEVE... ON THE PLANE TO LISBON -- AND FROM THERE I'LL CLIPPER HOME!
I'LL BE GIVING YOU THE GLAD HAND--AND MORE--IN JUST A FEW DAYS!
THAT'S FINE, CAIRO! I--I'LL BE SEEING YOU!
HE DIDN'T SOUND TOO-- ENTHUSIASTIC! THERE'S SOMETHING BOTHERING HIM... ANOTHER GIRL...?
GET THIS, RACY! IF I FIND YOU AND JET TOGETHER AGAIN BEHIND MY BACK...
SAVE YOUR HEROICS FOR THE FIGHT FANS... CHAMP! I WAS ONLY DOING AN INTERVIEW WITH JET ON HER NEW PSYCHOLOGICAL NOVEL --
AN' YA HADDA FIND OUT WHAT LIPSTICK SHE USES -- BY TASTIN' IT!
I'M LEAVIN', JET!
YES, LEFTY, MY SWEET... I'M COMING!
I'M SORRY, STEVE! SO LONG--FOR NOW!
I'LL BE GLAD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, HONEY...
BOB OKSNER
all my love cairo

# MISS CAIRO JONES

In Lefty's training camp...
THAT'S ALL FOR NOW, LEFTY!
OKAY, MIKE— YOU'RE THE BOSS!
WELL, JET, YOU BEEN OUT HERE THREE DAYS NOW! TOMORROW WE— RACY!
I WARNED YOU TO STAY AWAY—
I'M NOT HERE TO MAKE COW-EYES AT JET, BULL-HEAD— SO PULL IN YOUR HORNS!
I'M ON ASSIGNMENT! MY SNAIL-BRAINED EDITOR THINKS A STORY ABOUT YOU—
THIS PACKAGE CAME FOR YOU, LEFTY!
READ ME WHO IT'S FROM, JET!
THERE'S NO SENDER'S NAME, LEFTY! SOME ANONYMOUS ADMIRER...
INTERESTING ITEM— LEFTY WHO DOESN'T KNOW HOW TO READ!
COME ON INSIDE AND SEE HOW A FIGHTER LIVES WHILE IN TRAINING, STEVE!
HEY— WHAT'S THE RUSH? I WANTED TO SEE WHAT THAT PACKAGE—
WHAT HAPPENED?
SOMEBODY SENT ME A JAP NAMBU "94"— I'VE SEEN THIS KIND IN THE PACIFIC... AN' I JUST TESTED IT— TO SEE IF I WAS RIGHT!
RIGHT ABOUT WHAT?
THIS GUN HAS A PUNK DESIGN! IF YOU PRESS ONE OF THESE STRIPS BY MISTAKE IT GOES OFF!... SEE?... AN' IF IT HAPPENS TO BE POINTED YOUR WAY— LILLIE!
FUNNY! IN THE LAST THREE DAYS, I'VE HAD THREE NEAR-ACCIDENTS! YOU'D THINK SOMEBODY WANTED ME KILLED... WOULDN'T YOU, JET?

MISS CAIRO JONES

"STEVE RACY, CARE OF LEFTY WIRE ... ARRIVED —NEW YORK— YESTERDAY. WILL MEET—YOUR TRAIN—AT PENN STATION—TOMORROW. LOVE ... CAIRO."
And at Lefty's training camp...
HIS TIMING ISN'T VERY SHARP IS IT, MIKE?
THE CHAMP AIN'T SO YOUNG ANY MORE, NEWSHOUND!
I'D SAY LEFTY'S JUST ABOUT WASHED UP—WOULDN'T YOU, STEVE?
JET! THE LITTLE @&#%!!!
THAT'S ENOUGH, LEFTY!... TOMORROW YOU'LL TAKE A LIGHT WORKOUT AND THEN WE'LL SCRAM FOR THE CITY!
WHATTYA THINK, MIKE? PRETTY BAD, HUH?
AWHH—HE SLIPPED OVER A LUCKY PUNCH! YOU GOT NOTHIN' TO WORRY ABOUT, LEFTY!
Next morning, aboard the Champ's fight-bound train...
STEVE! I'VE CONVINCED LEFTY THERE WAS NOTHING BETWEEN US THE OTHER DAY, WHEN HE FOUND US TOGETHER! HE WANTS TO SEE YOU!
ALL IS FORGIVEN, LEFTY?
SURE! WHY SHOULD WE PUSH UP OUR BLOOD PRESSURES? SHE—I MEAN—IT AIN'T WORTH IT!
LEFTY ISN'T ALLOWED ANYTHING STRONG, BUT WHY DON'T WE DRINK A TOAST TO THE CHAMP—IN ROOT BEER!
ONE GLASS FOR LEFTY, AND THIS ONE... FOR... STEVE...

Cliff Jones
SERGEANT!
NO ONE YES
THANK
WAIT A MINUTE! THAT SNAP SHOT!
NEVER
THIS
THAT'S ONLY TWENTY MILES FROM WHERE STEVE AND JET DISAPPEARED!

# CAIRO JONES'

by BOB OKSNER

IT'S YOU OR ME, CAIRO-- KILL OR BE KILLED!
YOU CALLED IT, JET!
I....IT'S... OOOH...
FIRE! WE'RE ON FIRE!
JET, WAIT! HELP ME GET STEVE OUT OF HERE, AND I'LL NEVER TELL ANYONE THAT YOU KILLED LEFTY WIRE! MY SILENCE FOR STEVE'S LIFE--IS IT A BARGAIN?
SURE, CAIRO... IT'S A DEAL!
HE'S--TOO...HEAVY! GIVE ME A HAND, JET--JET!
YOU CAN BOTH BURN--AND THE RECORDS WITH YOU!. NO STEVE, NO CAIRO...NO EVIDENCE! SIMPLE, ISN'T IT?
Nearby...
FRANK! THAT HOUSE IS ON FIRE... LET'S CALL OUT THE ENGINES!
AW, THAT PLACE IS EMPTY!
IT USED TO BELONG TO LEFTY WIRE, THE GUY WHO WAS MURDERED!
LET'S JUST RELAX-- IF THERE'S ANYTHING I ENJOY-- IT'S A GOOD FIRE!

# CAIRO JONES

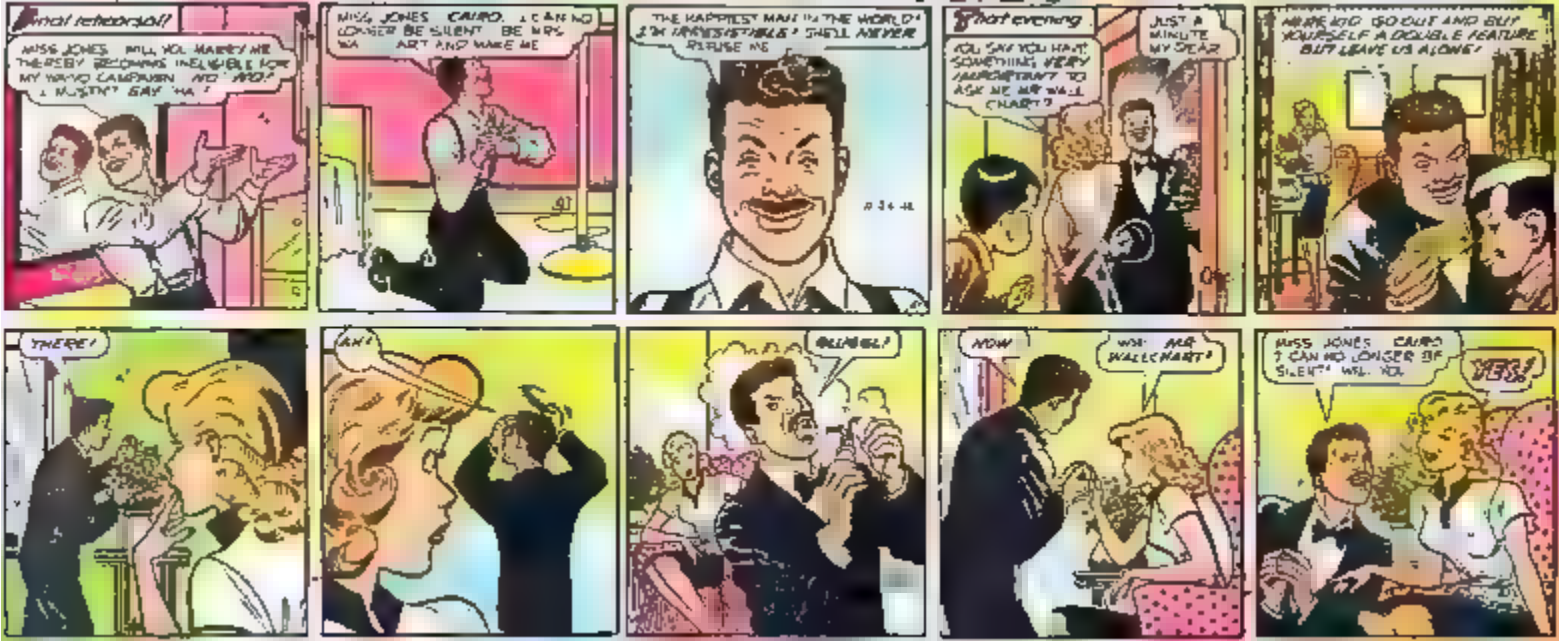
by BOB OKSNER

OH... MY HEAD! JET WHACKED ME... SHE WANTED US TO--
STEVE! STEVE... WHERE ARE YOU?
GET UP STEVE! ON YOUR FEET! OH, STEVE, WON'T YOU PLEASE SNAP OUT OF IT! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!
THE WINDOW'S NO GOOD, CAIRO--IT'S RED HOT!
STEVE, LOOK AT THIS!
IT'S THE FIREPLACE CHIMNEY--LET'S PRAY THEY BUILT IT WIDE!
HURRY! HURRY!!
WAIT A MINUTE! WHY AM I RUNNING?
THIS IS A GOOD SHOW ...MY SHOW! I WISH I COULD SAY I'M SORRY, YOU TWO IN THERE--BUT I'M NOT! I WANT YOU TO BURN--AND THOSE RECORDS WITH YOU!
WHEN YOU'RE DEAD, I'LL BE FREE--FREE AS A BREEZE! WHO KNOWS NOW THAT I KILLED MY HUSBAND AND POOR DEAR LEFTY WIRE?
AND LEFTY'S SILLY, PITIABLE DIARY! TAKE IT WITH YOU, STEVE AND CAIRO, WHEREVER YOU'RE GO-- OH!

# CAIRO JONES

by BOB OKSNER

WOW! THERE'S A BAD-LOOKIN' DUDE COMIN' UP THE WALK!
I WILL TELL THEM, STEVE!
YOU'D BETTER BEFORE YOU START CARDS AND I'LL BE-LIEVE HIS
CAPTAIN TRY TO BELIEVE HIS STORY HE KNOW WHO MURDERED LEFTY DIXIE!
YEAH...
PLEASE LISTEN! AT HOLIDAY DID IT! SHE WAS LEFTY'S GIRL FRIEND YOU SEE, AND...
YEAH...
SHE TRIED TO FRAME STEVE DRUGGED HIM AND BELIEVING ME WAS THE MURDERER!
YEAH...
DON'T YOU... BELIEVE ME?
IT'S A GOOD STORY, MISS JONES, BUT I'VE ALREADY HEARD IT!
JET!
YOU'RE IN THE CLEAR, RACY! THAT LADY CAME THROUGH WITH A FULL CONFESSION!
THANKS!
GOSH...
THAT JET DEAL WAS RIGHT UP STEVE'S
WHY NOT SIT-LAY AND FOR-GET IT NOW? WITH ME? ME AND MOON AND ROSES!
MOONLIGHT AND ROSES, MY FOOT! FOR ME IT'S CAR-BON PAPER AND SHOEHANDS! I'M GOING TO FIND ME A JOB...
...AND THAT'S NOT A JUKE BOX!


What rehearsal?
MISS JONES, WILL YOU MARRY ME THEREBY BECOMING INELIGIBLE FOR MY HAND CAMPAIGN AND AND I MUSTN'T SAY 'HA'
MISS JONES CAIRO I CAN NO LONGER BE SILENT BE MY HA ART AND MAKE ME
THE HAPPIEST MAN IN THE WORLD! I'M IRRESISTIBLE! SHE'LL NEVER REFUSE ME
That evening
YOU SAY YOU HAVE SOMETHING VERY IMPORTANT TO ASK ME MR WALLCHART?
JUST A MINUTE MY DEAR
MAMA NOW GO OUT AND BUY YOURSELF A DOUBLE FEATURE BUT LEAVE US ALONE!
THERE!
AH!
DARLING!
NOW
WOW MR WALLCHART!
MISS JONES CAIRO I CAN NO LONGER BE SILENT WILL YOU
YES!

# Miss Cairo Jones

By Bob Oksner

WHAT A RACKET! WE KIDNAP DA KIDS FROM 9 A.M. TO 4 P.M.... AN' GET RANSOM DOUGH FROM THEIR MOMS EVERY NIGHT!

WHISPER, THIS IS NOT A SNATCH RACKET.... IT'S A PROFITABLE DAY NURSERY!

SURE BOSS! LOOKA DA BOOKS! YA MADE MORE MONEY DIS WEEK DAN YA MADE IN A YEAR!

HMM... DEB-ITS...CRED-ITS... OH MY GOSH-- WHAT'VE YOUSE DONE TA ME?!?

ACCORDING TO DESE BOOKS, YOUSE TWO HAS SWINDLED ME INTA GOIN' STRAIGHT.' 'CONNED' ME INTA A LEGAL BUSINESS! ME... WHISPER... GANG BOSS! I OUGHTA BLAST YOUSE!

NOW YOU JUST LISTEN TO ME!

IN THE FIRST PLACE, YOU FORCED YOUR WAY INTO OUR NURSERY! WE NEVER WANTED YOU! BUT... IF YOU'RE SMART... FIGURE THIS OUT...

YOU'RE MAKING MORE MONEY LEGITIMATELY THAN YOU EVER DID AS A CROOK! SO TAKE YOUR CHOICE... STAY HERE AND GO STRAIGHT...OR WIND UP IN JAIL!

MAYBE YER RIGHT...

YOU BET SHE'S RIGHT, BOSS!

IN THAT CASE, YOU MAY STAY! BUT THERE'S ONE LITTLE DE-TAIL... I'M GIVING MY SHARE OF THE BUSINESS TO KILLER ... MAKING HIM YOUR SENIOR PARTNER!

GOLLY!

GULP!

And so, the following day..

WAVE GOOD-BY TA MISS JONES, KIDDIES!

G'BYE!

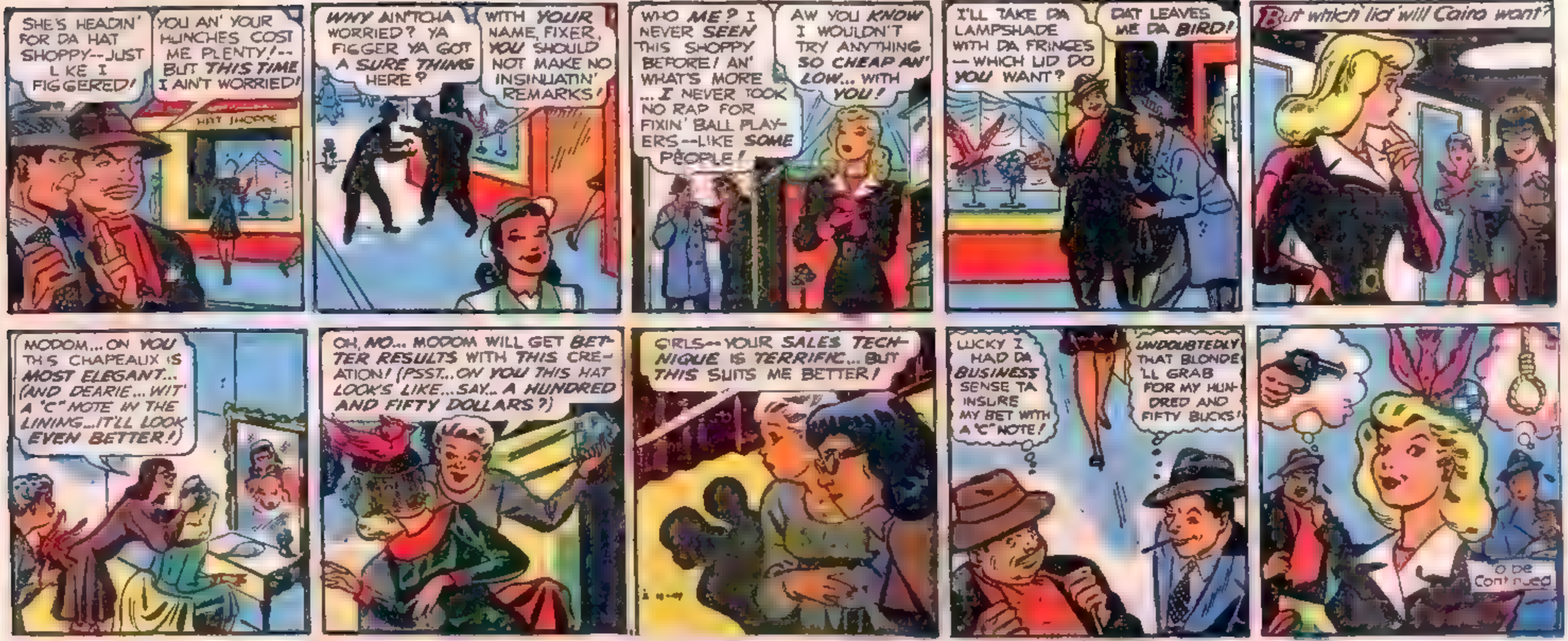
COME BACK, MISS JONES!

WE'LL MISS YOU!

GOSH, CAIRO... I'LL NEVER FERGIT WHAT YA DONE FER ME!

GOOD-BY, EVERY-BODY!

# MISS CAIRO JONES


SHE'S HEADIN' FOR DA HAT SHOPPY--JUST LIKE I FIGGERED!
YOU AN' YOUR HUNCHES COST ME PLENTY!--BUT THIS TIME I AIN'T WORRIED!
HAT SHOPPE
WHY AIN'TCHA WORRIED? YA FIGGER YA GOT A SURE THING HERE?
WITH YOUR NAME, FIXER, YOU SHOULD NOT MAKE NO INSINUATIN' REMARKS!
WHO ME? I NEVER SEEN THIS SHOPPY BEFORE! AN' WHAT'S MORE ... I NEVER TOOK NO RAP FOR FIXIN' BALL PLAYERS--LIKE SOME PEOPLE!
AW YOU KNOW I WOULDN'T TRY ANYTHING SO CHEAP AN' LOW... WITH YOU!
I'LL TAKE DA LAMPSHADE WITH DA FRINGES --WHICH LID DO YOU WANT?
DAT LEAVES ME DA BIRD!
But which lid will Cairo want?
MODOM... ON YOU THIS CHAPEAUX IS MOST ELEGANT... (AND DEARIE... WIT' A "C" NOTE IN THE LINING... IT'LL LOOK EVEN BETTER!)
OH, NO... MODOM WILL GET BETTER RESULTS WITH THIS CREATION! (PSST... ON YOU THIS HAT LOOKS LIKE... SAY... A HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS?)
GIRLS--YOUR SALES TECHNIQUE IS TERRIFIC... BUT THIS SUITS ME BETTER!
LUCKY I HAD DA BUSINESS SENSE TA INSURE MY BET WITH A "C" NOTE!
UNDOUBTEDLY THAT BLONDE 'LL GRAB FOR MY HUNDRED AND FIFTY BUCKS!
To be Continued

# MISS CAIRO JONES

I'M LEAVING!
WHOA, BABY! YA CAN'T LEAVE...WE GOT A BIG DEAL ... AN' YOU'RE IT!
HEY, STOP! YOU CAN'T!
AH, RELAX. WE'LL SPRING YA IN A COUPLA MINUTES.
OKAY, ARNIE! I GOT THE PERFECT BET! LISSEN...
...WE'LL SHOOT THE WORKS... DOUBLE OR NOTHIN'... ON THE RISKIEST PROPOSITION OF ALL! DAT IS... A DAME'S EMOTIONAL REACTION!
I SAY, WHEN THAT BABE HEARS WE'VE BEEN BETTIN' ON HER... SHE'LL BE FLATTERED!
MY DOUGH SAYS SHE'LL BE SORE! LET 'ER OUT!
... AN' SO, MISS JONES, WE BEEN WAGERIN' ON YOUR EVERY LITTLE ACTION!
REALLY?? HOW FLATTERING!
C'MON, ARNIE, HAND ME MY DOUGH!
WAIT-- SHE AIN'T FINISHED!
ON SECOND THOUGHT I'VE NEVER BEEN SO INSULTED! HOW DARE YOU TWO SPY ON ME THAT WAY!! WHY _I_I_
NEVER AGAIN! I'M SWEARIN' OFF BETTIN'! I'M SICK OF HORSES, NUMBERS -- AN' EVEN DAMES!
CHECK! I NEVER WANNA HEAR THAT WORD "BET" AGAIN. THERE'S ONLY ONE THING FOR US TO DO!
...AN' TWO HUNDRED CANS O' BEANS!
... AN' SIX DOZEN BOXES O' BICARBONATE O' SODA--
AWRIGHT, SEND ME A CASE OF THESE FLY SWATTERS.
YEAH, BUT WILL IT WRITE UNDER SALT WATER?
FLIES
And so...
UH, I'LL BET TWO COCONUTS THE NEXT SHIP PASSES IN SIX WEEKS!
I'LL TAKE THAT BET!
GIVE

# Miss Cairo Jones

By Bob Oksner

GET OUT! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? WHO ARE YOU?!?

THE SLITZ BROTHERS ...DIRECT FROM HOLLY-WOOD TO YOU!!

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH SASSIE?

WHO'S SASSIE?

THIS IS SASSIE!

ONLY THE WORLD'S GREATEST LIVING DOG ACTRESS! ONLY OUR NEW LEADING LADY! ONLY A CANINE POT O' GOLD... LAST SEEN EATING YOUR SAUSAGE!

BUT SHE...SHE... ATE MY SAUSAGES ...AND VANISHED!

A LIKELY STORY! WHERE ARE YOU HIDING HER AND WHAT'S YOUR PRICE?

BUT... BUT...

NO ALIBIS! UNTIL YOU PRODUCE SASSIE... WE STAY HERE!

BUT YOU CAN'T STAY HERE! YOU CAN'T! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

Later...

YAWN...GOTTA SHUT THAT FLEABAG UP...

YEOAOO

MM F... WE NEED SLEEP...

YEAH... GOTTA FIND SASSIE... ZZZZ...

CONTINUED~

# Miss Cairo Jones

By Bob Oksner

(Released by The Associated Newspapers)

MAGGI KEYHOL

WE'LL FIND THAT DOG IF WE HAVE TO USE *RADAR!*

BUT *SECRETLY!* IF *ANYONE* FINDS OUT SASSIE WALKED OUT ON US... *HEY!*

WELL, IF IT ISN'T THE SLITZ BROTHERS! GOING SOMEPLACE, BOYS?

IT'S MAGGI KEYHOL, THAT LOUDMOUTH COLUMNIST!

WHOSE GOING SOMEPLACE? WE WERE PLANNING TO SPEND THE EVENING *RIGHT HERE!*

HOW WONDERFUL --AND *WHERE'S SASSIE?*

OOO...OOO! SASSIE! WHERE *ARE* YOU?

GO AND FIND THAT MUTT BEFORE SHE LATCHES ON! WE'LL KEEP HER HERE!

HOW DO I FIND A LOST DOG ACTRESS IN A BIG CITY-- WHERE COULD SHE-WAIT! THIS IS ONLY AN *IDEA*, BUT...

SASSIE!

NOW PLAYING SASSIE IN SASSIE FACES LIFE

THANKS FOR YOUR AUTOGRAPH... *GOSH!*

OH, SASSIE, COME HOME! *WE'LL NEVER LET YOU GO AGAIN!*

*NEVER, NEVER, NEV...*

HEY, LADY! YA GOTTA *LEASH OR A LICENSE FER THAT MUTT?*

4-13-49

NO LEASH, NO LICENSE! IF YA WANT THAT POOCH *ALIVE*, CALL AT THE DOG POUND TOMORROW MORNIN' BEFORE NOON!

*YOU CAN'T!* THAT'S *SASSIE ...HOLLYWOOD'S GREATEST STAR!*

BUT...BUT...

POUND

CONTINUED

# MISS CAIRO JONES

GIVE HER TO ME!
NO, SHE'S MINE!
LOOK, GIRLS, I LIKE DOGS MESELF, BUT WHAT'S SO TERRIFIC ABOUT THIS MUTT?
MUTT! DO YOU KNOW WHOM YOU'VE JUST INSULTED!?
SASSIE, STAR OF "SASSIE'S DILEMMA," "CANINES OF '47"... SASSIE, HOLLYWOOD'S SCINTILLATING GLAMOR DOG ... SASSIE...
OKAY, PRIMA DONNA... LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE SPRUNG!
COME WITH MAGGI KEYHOL, DAHLING! I'LL GIVE YOU MILES OF PUBLICITY... OODLES OF PICTURES ... WHOLE COLUMNS...
?!?
NO, SASSIE! COME TO CAIRO! I'LL GIVE YOU POUNDS OF FRESH, JUICY SAUSAGES...
?
THAT !X@?!#! SASSIE, DAHLING ... COME BACK TO MAGGI!
SASSIE! STOP!
OOOOOO!
SASSIE...
Later...
I CAN'T FACE THEM! HOW CAN I TELL THE SLITZ BROTHERS THAT SASSIE IS LOST ... FOREVER?
But...
WOOF WOOF
AT LAST...
SASSIE HAS...
COME HOME!
NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THE POWER OF A SAUSAGE!